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CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR;

OR,

**CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN A MOTHER
AND HER DAUGHTER.**

ILLUSTRATING

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB,

Author of "Phebe Bartlett," "Scenes of Intemperance," &c.

**WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
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CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

CONVERSATION I.

“MOTHER, my teacher has been telling me about Christ—how he died to save us. But I could not tell what it meant. Why could we not be saved, if Christ had not died?”

“My dear child, you know you are a sinner.”

“You have often told me I am a sinner, and my teacher tells me so too. I believe I am a sinner; but nobody ever told me what it is to be a sinner.”

“Do you not think, my dear, that you have a right to do what you please with your doll?”

“Why, to be sure I have; for it is mine, and I made it.”

“Well, my dear, if you could put life in it, so that it could run about, and play and talk, would you not think it ought to mind what you tell it to do?”

“O yes, mother; if it would not mind me, I would whip it and make it mind.”

“Well, my dear, God made you, and gave you a soul, so that you can think, and understand what he tells you. Ought you not, then, to mind what God says?”

“Yes, mother; I know I ought;

but how shall I know what he says?
I cannot hear him talk."

"He has given us the Holy Bible, my child, to tell us what to do. You have learned the ten commandments. He came down upon Mount Sinai, with thunder and lightning, and a great and terrible fire and smoke, as we are told in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. He gave these commandments to Moses and the children of Israel; but he meant them for you and me, and every body. Tell me, my dear, what the first commandment says."

"The first commandment says, '*Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.*' I am sure I have always

minded this; for I never heard of any other God but God."

"What do you love best, my dear?"

"I believe I love father and mother best. I love my brothers and sisters too; and I love my doll and all my pretty playthings."

"See, my dear, how you forget God. You owe more to him than to father, mother, brothers, and sisters; for he made you, and he has kept you alive. He has given you kind parents to take care of you, and brothers and sisters to talk and play with you. He has given you food to eat, and clothes to wear. And he has given you his holy word to tell you what to do. Now, whatever you love best, that you make your

god. But are you sure that you love father and mother best? Have you not often disobeyed me?"

"Yes, mother, I have; but then I *do* love you."

"But when you set up your own will against mine, that shows that you love yourself better than you love me. When we love people, we wish them to be happy. But you have often disobeyed me, when you knew it grieved me and gave me pain. Have you never wished to have your own way, when you knew it was displeasing to me?"

"Yes, I know I have, many times I have been naughty to you, mother."

"Well, my dear, it is not for my own sake that I say this; but to

show you what is your *god*. You see you have set up yourself as your god; and your father and mother, brothers and sisters, and playthings, for other gods."

"O mother! I see I have disobeyed God. Is that what it is to be a sinner?"

"Yes, my dear; but I have not told you all. What is the second commandment?"

"The second commandment is, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy

God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.' What is a graven image, mother?"

"It is a piece of gold, silver, wood, or stone, made into the shape of a man, beast, bird, fish, or any other object. Here are pictures of some."

"And what is a likeness, mother?"

"It is the picture of any thing, my dear."

"Is it wrong then, mother, to make any thing in the shape of a man or beast, or to make the picture of any thing?"



“The meaning of this commandment is, that we should not try to make any thing in a bodily shape to represent God, nor form any images of him, as having a bodily shape, in our minds; and that we should not bow down to any such images, as we bow down to God, nor pray to

them, nor worship them in any other way."

"Does anybody pray to images and pictures, mother? I never saw anybody do it. I think it would be very foolish, for images and pictures cannot hear us; and if they could hear, they cannot help us."

"You are right, my dear; yet the *heathen* pray even to such foolish images as these."

"Who are the *heathen*, mother?"

"They are the people that never heard about Jesus. They make images of wood and stone, call them *gods*, and worship them."

"In some heathen countries there are millions of gods; and all kinds of

beasts, birds, and fishes, and even vegetables, have been worshipped, as gods, by different nations. We read of this dreadful idolatry in the first chapter of Romans."

"I am sure, mother, I have never tried to make any images or pictures of God, nor prayed to them, nor worshipped them in any way."

"My dear, this commandment requires us to worship God just as he has told us to worship him, in his holy word; and it forbids our worshipping him in any other way. God tells us to pray and read his holy word; and to thank him for his kindness and mercy to us. Have you not often risen in the morning without thanking him for keeping

you alive while you slept, and gone about your play, without praying for his Holy Spirit to keep you from sin? And have you never gone to bed at night, without asking God to pardon what you have done wrong during the day, and to keep you through the night?"

"Yes, I have, mother, a great many times. But I did not think it was breaking the second commandment."

"My dear, if we set up our own wills as our guide, and think we will worship and serve God in our own way, that is breaking the second commandment. Some people say they do not see the use of going to church. They can read the Bible

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and pray just as well at home. But the Bible teaches us that we ought to go to church along with God's people, and worship him *in public*. Heb. x. 25.

"But is it not right, mother, to read the Bible and pray at home?"

"Yes, my dear, it is right in its proper time. But, if you stay at home to read and pray, when you ought to be at the house of God, that is breaking the second commandment. Some people say, too, that they do not see the use of going away alone to pray. They say God is everywhere, and that he knows their thoughts; and they can pray in their hearts anywhere, just as well as to go alone."

“ Well, mother, is it not right to pray in our hearts while we are going about, doing other things ?”

“ Yes, and we ought to do it. But Christ tells us to go into our closets, meaning some private place, and shut the door, so that nobody can see us, and then pray. So, if we think we know better than he does what is best, and neglect this, under pretence of praying in our hearts, we break the second commandment. And, if we do any thing, *as an act of worship*, which he has not told us to do, we break this commandment. He tells us in the Holy Scriptures to sing psalms and hymns. But if, instead of doing so, we sing songs, dance, run, and jump to wor-

ship him, that would be breaking the second commandment. But this commandment not only forbids us to worship God in any way that he has not commanded, but it requires us to worship him just in the way that he has told us to do ; and to believe and obey every thing he has said in the Holy Bible. Did you never look about the room, or think of something else, in time of prayer ?”

“ O yes, mother, I have a great many times. Sometimes I get tired before the prayer is over, and then I look about. And sometimes my thoughts will be here and there and everywhere ; and I cannot keep them on the prayer.”

“ My dear Lucy, the Saviour tells

us we must worship God in *spirit* and in *truth*. But when you stand or kneel before God, and your heart does not pray, you worship him only with your body, and not with your spirit. And, in this way, you do not worship him in *truth*. You mock him with false worship, which you do not feel in your heart. This is breaking the second commandment."

"O then, mother, I have broken it a great many times. I *am* a sinner."

"Well, repeat the third commandment."

"The third commandment says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that

‘taketh his name in vain.’ What is it to take the name of the Lord in vain?”

“My child, this commandment requires us always to use God’s name, or attributes, in a holy and reverent manner.”

“What are God’s attributes, mother?”

“Those names by which he makes known to us the different parts of his character, such as holy, just, good, gracious, &c., are called his attributes. So, if you use any of these as by-words, or in a light and trifling manner, you take his name in vain; for this commandment *forbids* the profaning or abusing of any thing whereby God makes himself

known. Did you never read or repeat parts of the Holy Bible in a careless manner, without feeling solemn, as though God were speaking to you, and without trying to understand them?"

"Yes, mother, I have often done it; but I did not know that it was taking the name of God in vain."

"And do you never sing the solemn words of a hymn, without feeling in your heart what the hymn says?"

"Indeed I do, mother. Sometimes I sing so in church and Sabbath-school. In the singing-school I never thought of *feeling* what I sing. Is it *so wicked* to sing solemn words without feeling them?"

“Indeed it is, my dear. It is *mocking God*. It is *lying to him*; for it is saying that you feel what you do not. You remember how God punished Ananias and Sapphira for lying to him. He struck them down dead. O, my dear, be careful that you do not lie to God and mock him, when you pretend to be singing his praise; for he says he will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain. But did you never pray without feeling what you say?”

“Yes, mother; I often go away and pray, when my mind is about my play; and I do not feel at all what I say. I do it just as I get my lessons, *because I must*.”

“That is very wicked. It is mockery of God. It is saying to him what you do not mean in your heart. There is nothing in the world so delightful to the Christian who feels right, as prayer. It is *talking with God*. Would you not like to talk with a person who knows all things, and can tell you every thing you wish to know?”

“Indeed I would, mother. I see so many things that I do not understand, I would be *so glad* if I could talk with somebody that knows every thing.”

“Well, such a being is God. He knows all things; and he tells us, if we lack wisdom, to ask of him, and he will give it freely, without blam-

ing us for our ignorance. And, if you could find a person, who is able to give you any thing you want, without making him any poorer, would you think it a *task* to go and ask him?"

"O no, mother; I should feel so glad to get every thing I want."

"Well, God is *able* to give you every thing you wish for; and giving will not make him any poorer. He is *willing*, too, to give any thing you ask for, unless he sees it would not be best; and you do not want any thing that would not be for your good. How then can you feel so little interest in prayer as to make it a *task*?"

"O mother, I am a bad girl. I have

been bad to God. I see now how I ought to pray to him with my whole heart, and *feel* every thing I say."

"Well, what does the fourth commandment say?"

" 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.' But

I do remember the Sabbath-day, mother. I put up all my playthings every Saturday night; and then I go to the Sabbath-school, and to the house of God, and read the Bible and good books."

"But, my dear, let us see what God says about keeping the Sabbath. In the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and thirteenth verse, he says we must not find our own pleasure, nor do our own ways, nor speak our own words, on his holy day; but that we must honour him, and call the Sabbath a *delight*, the holy of the Lord, honourable. So our business on the Sabbath must not be to please ourselves, but to serve and please the Lord; and we must *delight* in it too

You remember reading about little Phebe Bartlett, how she loved the holy Sabbath-day, and longed for it to come ; so that she would count the days between. That is the way we ought to feel, to keep the fourth commandment. To a Christian, who feels right, the Sabbath is the most pleasant, the sweetest day of the seven. It is so delightful to have nothing to do but to think of God and Christ; to listen to His Holy Word ; to pray to him and to sing his praise."

THE SABBATH.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

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Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O may our prayers and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

In holy duties may the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

“ O, mother, I am afraid I never kept the Sabbath-day, for I often get weary, and long to have it over. It is so dull, I cannot bear it sometimes.”

“ Ah, my dear, that is not keeping the Sabbath holy ; and if you loved God as you ought, you would love to think of him, and to hear what he has to say to you in the Holy Bible.

But do you not often think about your play, or about some other worldly things, on the Sabbath-day?"

"Yes, mother, I often do. How can I help thinking about such things?"

"I know you cannot help thinking of what you love most; and this shows that your heart is not fixed on God. The Lord looks at the heart; and if you think about your play, or any thing else but serious things, on the holy Sabbath, you break the fourth commandment."

"Indeed, mother, I did not think I was such a Sabbath breaker."

"Well, now we will talk about the fifth commandment. Can you repeat it?"

‘Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’

“You know, my dear, that you have often disobeyed me; and I have had to punish you to make you mind. But you see what a sin it is in the sight of God. He thinks so much of dutiful, obedient children, that he promises to bless them in this life. But I think you have often been guilty of breaking this commandment, when you have not openly disobeyed me. Have you never felt unwilling to do what I have told you to do? Have you never done it because you were afraid to disobey me?”

“Yes, mother; and I have sometimes felt angry because you told me to do things that I did not like.”

“And so you dishonoured me in your heart; and as God looks into the heart, he saw you breaking his holy law.”

“But I am sure I never broke the sixth commandment, mother. I never killed anybody.”

“I know you never did. But do not be too confident, my dear, that you never broke this commandment. Did you never feel angry at any one?”

“Yes, mother; when Charles Benton tore down my play-house, and then ran off, I felt very angry, and

wished he might fall down and hurt himself."

"Well, the Bible says, 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer;' and our Saviour says that any one that is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be punished as a murderer."

"But Charles Benton is not my brother."

"In one sense, my dear, all mankind are brethren; and I have no doubt that is what *brother* means in these places. If you should act out the disposition that makes you hate any one, and wish him ill, it would lead you to take his life. And when you are angry, you feel spiteful towards the person you are angry

with, as though you would hurt him if you could."

"O, mother, I did not know I was *so bad*. But what does the seventh commandment mean, mother, which says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?' "

"It means that we must not indulge in any unchaste thoughts, words, or actions."

"But I do not know what *unchaste* means."

"You are not old enough, my daughter, to understand all that it means. But I will tell you all I can about it, and will tell you more when you grow up. If you think any filthy thoughts, or speak any indecent words, or if you listen with

pleasure to such things in others, or to filthy songs or stories, you break the seventh commandment. This is a great sin; and you ought to hate it so, that you will put out of your mind all impure thoughts, and never have any thing to say to children that speak indecent words, or do in decent things.”

“Well, mother, I never stole any thing, did I? I have not broken the eighth commandment, which says, ‘Thou shalt not steal.’ ”

“Remember, my dear, that God looks at the *disposition of the heart*. Yesterday I overheard you saying, that you had made a good bargain in exchanging some of your things with your little sister. You thought

CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

what you received of her was worth more than what you gave her ; and you seemed to feel glad of it. Do you not see that here was a disposition to get things from others, without giving what they are worth ? That is dishonesty ; and that is the same in the eyes of God as stealing. Any one that will *cheat* would steal, if he could do it without being punished or found out. But did you never take any thing of mine, without asking if you might have it ?”

“ Yes, mother ; I have taken cakes and nice things which you put away, a great many times ; and I have taken things that I wanted in my play, which I knew you did not wish me to have. But I did not think

it was stealing, because they were yours."

"But no matter whose they are. To steal is to take any thing which does not belong to you, without asking leave of the owner. And you know every thing of mine does not belong to you. To take things from your parents, is as much stealing as if you took them from anybody else."

"O, mother! I am afraid I have broken all God's commandments. But what does the ninth commandment mean, which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour?' "

"It is to declare any thing falsely, before a magistrate or a court of jus-

tice, against another person ; or to tell any thing that is not true about another, to injure his character. But this commandment forbids all falsehood, and requires us always to tell the truth."

"Well, mother, I am sure I am not a liar. I never tell lies."

"But did you never deceive any one? Did you never try to make me think you had not done a thing when you had, or that' you had done a thing when you had not? It is the intention to deceive that displeases God. If you nod your head, or make any sign with your head or mouth that deceives another, it is falsehood, though you do not speak

a loud word. God is a God of truth, and he hates deceivers and liars."

"O, mother, if what you tell me is lying, I have told a great many lies, I am afraid. But what does *covet* mean, in the tenth commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.' "

"Covet means, to desire a thing that belongs to another so much, that you would be glad to have it taken away from him, that it might be given to you. Do you not remem-

ber, some time ago, when we were at Mrs. Smith's, you cried because you could not have Julia's pretty tea things to bring home with you. You wished her to lose them that you might have them. That was *coveting*. And did you never go by a pretty flower-garden, and wish you could get it from the owner? Did you never look at the fine ripe apples and peaches as you were passing an orchard, and feel a wish that they were yours instead of his?"

"Yes, mother; I have a great many times."

"And did you never feel displeased because some of your play-mates have many things that you have not? And were you never displeased with

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your school-mates because they learn faster than you, and wish you had their advantages?"

"Yes, mother, I will not deny it."

"Well, that is *envy*; and to envy a person because he has something which you have not, is to *covet* what is his; and it is a mean spirit too. And did you never feel discontented with the things you have, and fret because you could not have every thing you wish?"

"Yes, mother; but I did not think that was *coveting*."

"Yes, my dear, it is the first rising of this wicked feeling in the heart. God has given us just what he thinks we need. When we feel dissatisfied with it, and fret because we cannot

get more, that is *covetousness*. . It is *fretting against God*."

"O, mother, I see that I have broken all God's commandments. Now I know what it is to be a sinner. I see that I am a sinner, that I am a *great* sinner. O what will God do to me? I have been *so wicked!* Will he not forgive me, if I say I am sorry, and ask his pardon?"

"My dear, do you remember what happened between Mrs. Jones and her little boy, James, the other day when we were visiting her?"

"Yes, I do, mother. She told James that she would whip him if he took away any of her fruit that was drying in the porch. But he

did take some; and when his mother was going to whip him, he cried and said he was sorry, and begged so hard, that she let him go without punishing him, though she said she would."

"Well, my dear, do you remember what you thought of it then?"

"I was very sorry for little James, and did not want to have him whipped; but I could not think how his mother could let him go without breaking her promise; and I thought how you always do just what you say. Afterwards I was in the garden with James and Susan, and he began to pick the green grapes. Susan told him his mother would whip him. 'O no, she will not,' said he.

—‘Indeed she will,’ said Susan, ‘for I heard her say she would.’
—‘Well,’ said James, ‘she said she would if I took the fruit on the porch; but she did not whip me, after all.’”

“Well, my dear, do you not see that Mrs. Jones was dishonoured in the eyes of her children? She had broken her word. She had been guilty of falsehood. So they would not believe her again; and she lost her authority. God told Adam that he should *surely die*, if he ate of the tree that he had forbidden him. But he did eat of it; and what if God had pardoned him?”

“He would not have been true to his word.”

“But the Bible says he is a *God of truth*. He cannot lie. What he says, he will *certainly* do. If he did not, men would despise his word, just as little James despised his mother’s word. But, he says in his Holy Word, ‘cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.’ ”

“Well, mother, I am afraid I have not done any of God’s commandments. I have disobeyed him in every thing. But what does *cursed* mean?”

“It means that those who disobey God’s law must be punished.”

“O, mother, then *I* must be punished. But cannot I be pardoned?”

Is there no way that God can forgive me, and be true to his word?"

"Suppose, my dear, that Mrs. Jones had been true to her word, and had determined to whip James; and suppose his elder brother had come forward and offered to take the whipping himself; and suppose she had whipped him instead of his brother;—do you think James would have thought so lightly of her word again?"

"Indeed, mother, I think not. He would have seen that his mother meant what she said. He would have seen what pain his brother had to suffer for him; and this would have made him feel very sorry."

"Yes; and all the children would

have seen how much she thought of her authority. Her word would have been kept; and her children would not have despised her. Now you see why it was necessary that Christ should die. He took our punishment upon himself. So God can pardon sinners, and yet be true to his word. God can forgive your sins, my dear, if you are sorry that you have disobeyed him, and confess your fault, and ask him to pardon you for Christ's sake."

"O mother, I am sorry. I will go and tell him. I have been a naughty girl, and broken all his commandments. I will tell him I am sorry, and ask him to forgive me, because Christ has taken my punishment

upon himself. How good Jesus was to die for us, so that God could be true and forgive us our sins. I do love Jesus, and I will give him my heart."

"My dear child, this is just what I have been praying for ever since you were born. I hope these feelings will prove true. I hope they will not pass away like the dew before the morning sun, or the little cloud before the wind. If you are truly sorry for your sins, you will leave off sinning. If you love Christ, you will try to do every thing he has commanded. You will love to think of him, and delight in pleasing him. And then Jesus will love you; for, when he was in the world, he took

little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He compares himself to a good shepherd, who takes care of his sheep; and he says he will take the little lambs and carry them in his bosom. O, what a precious Saviour for little children!"



CONVERSATION II.

“DEAR mother, come tell me more about Jesus. I love to hear about him now. I used to get tired of hearing my teacher talk about Christ; and sometimes I would long for Sabbath-school to be out. But now I want to hear about him all the time. It seems to me such a wonder that God should love us so as to give his only Son to die for us, when we care so little about him. It is wonderful, too, that Christ should be willing to suffer so much, and all to save his enemies. But I cannot understand it. I want to learn more about it.

Last Sabbath my teacher told me that Christ was our MEDIATOR; but I do not know what *Mediator* means."

"Do you not remember, my love, the difficulty between Robert Jones and his father?"

"Yes, mother; when Mrs. Jones was here, I heard her telling all about it. Robert would not mind his father, and treated him very ill; and after trying every way he could think of to manage him, Mr. Jones turned him away, and would not let him come into the house nor call him father any more."

"Well, my love, you did not hear the whole story. When Robert's elder brother Solomon, who was grown up to be a man, came home,

and heard what was done, he was very sorry, for he loved Robert, and yet he knew that his father had done right. So he went to his father, and begged him to forgive Robert, offering to make satisfaction for his conduct. Mr. Jones promised to forgive Robert *for Solomon's sake*, if he would be sorry for what he had done, and promise to be a good boy. So Solomon went and hunted for Robert, in the lanes and alleys, till he found him, ragged and dirty, in a low, filthy house, with a wretched family, who had taken him in out of pity. He had grown a great deal worse than he was when his father turned him away; for he had been with all the bad boys in the streets,

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and learned to curse and swear, lie and steal, and drink and fight. The tears filled Solomon's eyes when he found his brother; and he was choked with grief, so that for some time he could not speak."

"O, mother, did not Robert feel sorry, when he saw how bad he had made Solomon feel?"

"No, his heart was cold and hard, and he turned away his head and *pouted*. But Solomon took him by the hand, and told him to come along with him, and he would put on him some new clothes; and that his father would forgive him, if he would only be sorry for what he had done, and become a good boy. But Robert said his old clothes were good

enough, and he did not care for his father. He did not want to go home. He would rather stay where he could do as he liked. If he went home, he should have to ask his father to forgive him, and then do as he said. He would rather die than ask pardon; and he did not like his father, and would not mind him."

"What a naughty boy, mother. How could he treat his brother so, when he had been so kind to him?"

"But Solomon was not discouraged. He followed the little wanderer wherever he went, and kept talking to him and persuading him, till at last Robert began to think how bad he was, and to feel bad and cry. But he was afraid, after all, to

go home with Solomon, for fear his father would punish him."

"How unkind that was, mother, to doubt Solomon's word, after all he had done for him."

"Yes, my dear, it was unkind. But Solomon did not mind that. He kept on talking to him and persuading him, till at last his stubborn heart melted. He determined to trust himself to Solomon, and go home to his father."

"Did his father forgive him, mother?"

"Solomon had washed Robert and put new clothes on him, and when his father saw him coming towards him, and crying as he came along, he went out to meet him. Mr.



Jones' heart was tender and full of pity ; and as Robert came up, and fell on his knees to ask pardon, he took him up in his arms and kissed him. So they were reconciled. Robert was changed. He became a good boy, and his father loved him more than ever."

"But I think Robert would love

Solomon with all his heart. What a kind, good brother he was."

"Well, my love, this story will teach you what a *mediator* is. Solomon was a mediator between his father and Robert. They were at variance, and he reconciled them to each other. He satisfied his father for what Robert had done, and persuaded Robert to come back and be a good boy. So they were made friends again. This is what the Lord Jesus does. We have all treated God just as Robert did his father. We have disobeyed him, and gone away from him, and he has cast us off. All whose hearts have not been changed, feel towards God as Robert did towards his father. But Jesus

has obeyed God's holy law for us, and suffered death to satisfy him for our sins. He sends his Holy Spirit into our hearts, to persuade us to leave off our sins, which are like Robert's tattered and filthy clothes; to come to him and receive forgiveness. He has obeyed God's holy law, and his righteousness he puts upon us. The Bible compares this righteousness of Christ to a beautiful, clean, white garment. He also offers to take us by the hand and lead us to God, and reconcile us to him, if we will only ask him to forgive us, and submit to him afterwards as obedient children. But impenitent sinners, or persons whose hearts have not been changed, feel as Robert did

when Solomon came to him. They think their old clothes are good enough; although the Bible says all their own goodness is like a garment made of filthy rags. They will not listen to the Holy Spirit, who offers, in the name of Christ, to take them away, and clothe them in beautiful white robes. They will not consent to return to God, for they hate him, and will not submit to him, nor mind his holy law. This is the way sinners feel when the Holy Spirit is striving with them. And after they begin to feel afraid, and to cry and grieve about it, they are not willing to trust themselves to Christ, and return with him to God, for fear he will not save them. At last the

Holy Spirit subdues and persuades their stubborn hearts, and they trust themselves to Christ, as Robert did to Solomon, and with deep sorrow for their past sins, submit themselves to God, as he did to his father."

"Now, mother, I think I understand it better. I see what the word *mediator* means. How glad I am that we have such a Mediator as the Lord Jesus Christ. Every time I talk about him I love him better."

CONVERSATION III.

"Good morning, my dear Lucy. How good God has been to us, to guard us while we slept, and watch

over us and keep us from harm in the dark night."

"Yes, mother; and I will love him and praise him for it. But I have not slept much, because I could not help thinking about Jesus. Do tell me more about Him, mother. Who is he? In the Sabbath-school sometimes they say he is God, and sometimes the Son of God. They say that God is a Spirit; and that a spirit thinks and knows, and loves and hates, but has no body. But Christ has a body, or he could not have been nailed to the tree. And if he had a body, how could he be God?"

"Christ, my dear, is the *Eternal Son of God*. He is in the Father

and the Father in Him. He says, I and my Father are one. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

"How can that be, mother? I cannot understand it."

"I know you cannot understand it, my dear. I cannot understand it. But we must believe it, because the Bible says it is so."

"O, mother, I wish I could understand it."

"Do you remember, Lucy, where you planted a bean the other day, when we were at work in the garden?"

"Yes, mother, it was out there close by the peach-tree."

"Well, go dig it up, and bring it to me."



“See, mother, my bean has sprouted—it is growing!”

“But what made it grow, my dear?”

“God made it grow; did he not, mother? He makes every thing grow.”

“But *how* did he make it grow, my dear?”

“He sent the rain and the dew to moisten the ground; and he made the sun shine upon it to make it warm.”

“But, my dear, how do the moist ground and the warm sun make the bean grow? Why did it not grow before it was put in the ground? Could not God make it grow as well in a dry place in the shade?”

“Indeed, mother, I cannot tell. I do not understand it.”

“Well, let us walk into the garden, my dear, and examine some other of God’s works.”

“Mother, see that thistle! how it has grown up there close by that pretty flower!”

“Look, my dear child, and see

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whether there is any difference between the ground where the thistle grows and the ground where the flower grows.”

“O no, mother, there is not. They grow in the same ground. They are not two inches apart. But what business has this ugly thistle among the sweet flowers?”

“Here, my child, are two seeds, which look very much alike. If you put them in the ground close together, one will grow up a thistle, and the other will bear sweet pretty flowers. Can you tell why they do not grow up alike?”

“I do not know any reason, mother, but God makes them grow so.”

“Well, that is reason enough. But if you cannot understand the least of all his works, how can you expect to comprehend the nature of Him who made the heavens and the earth, the sun and moon, and all the bright stars that twinkle in the clear blue sky? You ought to be satisfied with just what God tells you about himself. Many people will not believe some things that the Bible

says, because they cannot understand them. But you see how foolish that is, when we cannot tell how he makes the grass grow, or why one kind of seed will produce a thistle and another a lily. It is enough for us to say as Christ did, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' "

"Well, mother, if Christ is God, how could he die?"

"He is not only *God*, but *man* too. *The Eternal Son of God became a man.* He was born like any other little babe, and grew up to be a man. So he is God and man, united in one person."

"O, how could that be, mother? I cannot understand that either."

"Take your pen, my dear, and

write a verse of your infant-school hymn, on this paper."

"God makes the flowers that look so neat,
God makes the birds that sing so sweet."

"Very well. Did you think that before you wrote it?"

"Yes, mother; how could I write it without thinking it first?"

"But did your fingers think, my dear?"

"O no, mother; in the infant-school they say it is the *soul* that thinks."

"But did the *soul* write these lines?"

"No, mother; it was my fingers that wrote them."

"Well, my love, can you tell how it is that your soul and body are so

united that even your fingers will act just as your soul thinks?"

"No, mother ; it is wonderful. I cannot understand it."

"But if you cannot tell how it is that your own soul and body are united, you ought not to wonder that you cannot tell how God and man are united in the person of Jesus Christ. You *know* that your soul and body are united, for you *feel* it. You ought to believe that Jesus is both God and man, because God tells you so in his Holy Word."

"Well, mother, can you tell me why it was necessary that Christ should be both God and man?"

"I can tell you something about it, my dear. Any one that makes

peace between two that are at variance, must be the friend of both."

"Yes, mother; for no one would mind what another says, if he did not like him."

"Well, Jesus Christ, being both God and man, is just the one to make peace between us and God. If he had not been man, he could not have been under God's law, so as to obey it for us. It was necessary that he should suffer for sin in the same nature in which sin was committed. As God, he could not obey. As God, he could not suffer. But if he had been only a man, he could have obeyed God's law only for himself. He would have only been doing his duty; for we all

ought to obey God. But, as God and man, he could obey his law for us. If he had been only a man, his sufferings would not have been worth enough to satisfy God's law; but, as God and man, he could suffer for the sins of others. If he had been only a man, he would not have been able to save us. We could not trust him. But, as God, he is *able* to save all that will come to him; and so we can trust him with perfect confidence, that he will do what he has promised. Another reason why it was necessary that our Mediator should be both God and man is, *that God might be brought near to us*. When we think of the great God that made this wide world, and the

deep sea, and all the people, and the beasts, birds, fishes, and little insects; who made the sun, moon, and stars; and who keeps them all in being, and makes them do just what he pleases; and when we think that he is a Spirit, without form or shape, we are lost in wonder. And when we think, too, that he is most holy, just, and true in all his ways, and that he hates sin, we are troubled and terrified. But when God condescends to show his lovely character united to a man like ourselves, we can form an idea of him in our minds, and come to him with humble confidence. And as Jesus has passed through all the difficulties and troubles of this life, he can feel

for us and help us. So Paul says it was necessary for him in all things to be made like unto us, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest."

"O, mother ; I used to be afraid to go to Christ. I thought he would not care for a little child. But now I see how it is. He was once a little child himself, and he can *feel* for me."

"Yes, my dear, you are right. Jesus was once a little child. He knows how little children feel. He can sympathize with you, and feel for you in all your little trials and difficulties. No matter how trifling the thing is that troubles you. Nothing that affects his children is too little to be noticed by the compassionate heart

of your Saviour. Think of his tenderness when the little children wanted to see him. His disciples frowned upon them, and would have driven them away. Then if you had been there, I suppose you might have seen a sweet and tender smile on his countenance, as he stretched out his arms to receive the little ones. Let them come, said he. They are *mine*—I love them—I give them my blessing. O then, my love, come to him. Tell him all your wants, all your desires, all your difficulties—**TELL HIM ALL YOUR HEART.** He will listen; he will feel for you; **HE WILL HELP YOU.** Give him your heart. Trust your soul to him, and he will save you."

“Dear mother, what a kind Saviour he must be; just such a Saviour as a little child needs. I never will be afraid to go to him again. No; I will tell him all my difficulties just as I tell them to you. I will try to give him my heart. I will try to love and serve him as long as I live; and I hope I shall go to heaven at last, and see him as he is, and talk with him as the little children did while he was in the world; and if I get there, I will sing his praises for ever.”

THE END.



